

## CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Year.....\$2.00  
Paid in Advance.....1.00

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, 25 cents; each subsequent insertion 10 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

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## JOB PRINTING.

The Job Department of the Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrangements are made, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

## Pictures in the Alexander Museum.

In the afternoon we went to the Alexander museum, a very beautiful building between two gardens, which was once the palace of the Grand Duke Michael Palovitch, and made by Alexander III. into a national museum of arts.

The pictures are all of the modern Russian school, some of them very fine, and among them many by Vereshagin—scenes of the war of 1812 with Napoleon and a number of his small oriental paintings.

After looking at them we walked to the Alexander Memorial church, built over the spot where he fell, which is preserved under a canopy of bronze, the rough paving stones upon which his blood was spilled looking very pathetic among so much gold and mosaic.

The church, which cost 30,000,000 rubles, is most gorgeous in color, the interior being entirely of mosaic, and in the sanctuary, into which I was allowed only to look, the silver candleabra and the icons are most costly.—St. Petersburg Letter to Vogue.

## Poor Relations.

"If the people who are perfectly well able would take care of their poor relatives," said the curate at Trinity, "the church wouldn't have so much care on its shoulders. Did you see that woman who just went out? She is starving—actually starving. The doctor told her that the partial loss of her eyesight is due to the lack of food. Well, her husband is a wealthy Englishman, so wealthy that I am going to see a lawyer about writing him a letter that will bring him to his senses, I hope. He is a member of a prominent family that would hate such exposure as I shall threaten it with unless they take care of this wife of his. And did you see the poor wretch who is waiting outside in the anteroom for me to give him money for a bite to eat? His brother is a wealthy broker at No. 61 Wall street."—New York Press.

## Like Weeds in a Night.

"Of course children outgrow most youthful vocations," said the observer. "Little girls grow too tall for cash girls, little boys spring up out of the size of bell hops in a night or two, it looks like, but the most pathetic specimen of sudden and untimely outgrowing is the flower boy who sells roses in the downtown Italian cafes, who one season stands hardly higher than the table, looking at you so wistfully out of big, sad Italian eyes that the money comes out of your pocket of itself, and the next season towers over you like a football player, all the sympathy you felt for the infant flower seller crushed by his gigantic size."

## Devices for a Sore Foot.

The sufferer from enlarged joints, better known as a bunion, usually is in great discomfort in hot weather. There is a device that will give relief by protecting the bunion from rubbing of shoe.

This is a simple piece of leather cut and bent in such a way that it fits smoothly over the portion of foot where the bunion is. The casing is lined with soft felt and an opening is provided for the enlarged joint, while the surrounding leather holds off the shoe. The protector is so shaped that there can be no rubbing from a bad fit.

## Feeding English School Children.

For a year or more the Nottingham school authorities have provided meals for pupils whose parents were too poor to feed them sufficiently. About 500 children, representing some 200 families, are now being fed. Arrangements are made with several restaurants to supply breakfasts, dinners, or both, to children showing proper vouchers. Each month approximately 15,000 meals about equally divided between breakfasts and dinners are supplied, costing roundly \$650—about four cents a meal.

## One at Last for Old Dog.

"If Diogenes is still hunting for an honest man I think I could give him an address that might be worth looking up," said one woman to another while waiting for a car. "I was riding up Center street the other day and I saw an inconspicuous brass sign at the entrance of a big loft building, which said: 'M. Negevotvitch, Manufacturer of Russian Antiques.' He's the only man I ever heard of who was in the antique manufacturing business who was honest enough to say so on his sign."—New York Sun.

THRILLING STORY  
OF DASH TO POLECOMMANDER PEARY'S PERSONAL  
NARRATIVE RIFE WITH DRAMATIC INTEREST.SLEDGES AND CAMPS WERE  
ENDANGERED BY ICE FLOES

Five men, Caught in Terrible Blizzard, Missing Several Days and All but Given Up—Other Particulars.

Published by arrangement with the New York Times on behalf of Commander Peary. Notice to publishers. The following account by Commander Peary of his successful voyage to the North Pole was issued on September 9, 1909, by the New York Times Co. at the request of Commander Peary for his protection, as a book duly copyrighted and exposed for sale before any part of it was reproduced by any newspaper in the United States or Europe, in order to obtain the full protection of the copyright laws. The reproduction of this account in any form, without permission, is forbidden.

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By Robert E. Peary, Commander  
U. S. N.  
PART II.

Battle Harbor, Labrador, via Marconi Wireless to Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 9.—The steamer Roosevelt, bearing the North Polar expedition of the Peary Arctic club, parted company with the Erk and steamed out of Etah Ford late in the afternoon of August 18, 1908, setting the usual course for Cape Sabine. The weather was dirty, with fresh southerly winds. We had on board 22 Eskimo men, 17 women and ten children, 226 dogs and some 40 odd walrus.

We encountered the ice a short distance from the mouth of the harbor, but it was not closely packed and was negotiated by the Roosevelt without serious trouble. As we neared Cape Sabine the weather cleared somewhat and we passed close by Three Voort island and Cape Sabine, easily making out with the naked eye the house at Hayes Harbor occupied by me in the winter of 1902-03.

**Meat Thick Weather and Ice.**  
From Cape Sabine north there was so much water that we thought of setting the lug sail before the southerly wind; but a little later a piece of ice to the northward stopped this. There was clean, open water to Cape Albert, and from there scattered ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense ice bringing us some ten or fifteen miles away.



Robert E. Peary.

From here we drifted somewhat, and then got a slant to the northward out of the current. We worked a little further north, and stopped again for some hours, then we again worked westward by northward till we reached a series of lakes, coming to a stop a few miles south of the Windward's winter quarters at Cape Durville.

From here, after some days, we slowly worked a way northeastward, through fog and broken ice of medium thickness throughout the night and the forenoon of the next day, only emerging into open water and clear weather off Cape Fraser. From this point we had a clear run through the middle of Robeson channel, uninterrupted by either ice or fog to Lady Franklin bay. Here we encountered ice and fog, and while working along in search of a practicable opening, we were forced across to the coast at Thank God Harbor.

The fog lifted there and enabled us to make out our whereabouts and we steamed north through series of lakes past Cape Lupton, and thence southward toward Cape Union. A few miles off that cape we were stopped by impracticable ice, and we drifted back south to Cape Union, where we stopped again.

We lay for some time in a lake of water, and then, to prevent being drifted south again, took refuge under the north shore of Lincoln bay, in nearly the identical place where we had our unpleasant experience three years before. Here we remained for several days during a period of constant and at times violent northeasterly winds.

## Twice Forced Aground.

Twice we were forced aground by the heavy ice; we had our port quarter rail broken, and a hole stove in the bulwarks; and twice we pushed out in an attempt to get north, but we were forced back each time to our precarious shelter.

Finally, on September 2, we squeezed around Cape Union and made fast in a shallow niche in the ice; but after some hours we made another short run to Black Cape and hung to a grounded bit of ice. At last, a little after midnight of September 5, we passed through extremely heavy running ice, into a stream of open water, rounded Cape Rawson, and passed Cape Sheridan.

Within a quarter of an hour of the same time we arrived three years before—7 a. m., September 5—we reached the open water extending beyond Cape Sheridan. We steamed up to the end of it, and it appeared practicable at first to reach Porter bay, near Cape Joseph Henley, which had formerly been my winter quarters.

But the outlook being unsatisfactory, I went back and put the Roosevelt into the only opening in the floe, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan river, a little north of our position three years previous.

The season was further advanced than in 1905; there was more snow on the ground and the new ice inside the floe bergs was much thicker. The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion.

The supplies and equipment were sledged across ice and sea and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were built of boards, covered with and filled with stores, and the ship was snug for winter, in shoal water, where she touched bottom at low tide.

## Call Settlement Hubbardville.

This settlement on the stormy shores of the Arctic ocean was christened Hubbardville. Hunting parties were sent out on September 10 and a bear was brought in on the 12th and some deer later.

On September 15 full work of transporting supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Prof. Marvin, with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos, took 16 sled-loads of supplies to Cape Beiknap and on the 27th the same party started with loads to Porter bay. The work of hunting and transporting supplies was prosecuted continuously by the members of the party, and the Eskimos until November 5, when the supplies of the spring sled trip had been removed from winter quarters and deposited in various places from Cape Colan to Cape Columbia.

## Ice Lists the Roosevelt.

In the latter part of September the movement of the ice subjected the ship to a pressure which listed her to port some eight or ten degrees and she didn't recover till the following spring.

On October 1 I went on a hunt with Eskimos across the field and Parr bay, and the peninsula; made the circuit of Clements-Markham inlet, and returned to the ship on the seventh day with 15 musk oxen, a bear and a deer. Later in October I repeated the trip, obtaining five musk oxen, and other hunting parties brought in some 40 deer.

Prof. MacMillan went to Columbia in November and obtained a month of tidal observations, returning in December. In the December moon Borup moved the Hecla depot to Cape Colan; Bartlett made a hunting trip overland to Lake Hazen, and Hansen went to Clements-Markham inlet. In the January moon Marvin crossed Robeson channel and went to Cape Bryant for tidal and meteorological observations. Bartlett crossed the channel and made the circuit of Newman bay and explored the peninsula. After he returned Goodsell went to Markham inlet and Borup toward Lake Hazen, in the interior, on hunting trips.

## Parties Leave Roosevelt.

In the February moon Bartlett went to Cape Hecla and Goodsell moved some more supplies from Hecla to Cape Colan, and Borup went to Markham inlet on a hunting trip. On February 1, Bartlett left the Roosevelt with the division for Cape Columbia and Parr bay. Goodsell, Borup, MacMillan and Hansen followed on successive days with their provisions. Marvin returned from Bryants on February 17 and left for Cape Columbia February 21. I brought up the rear February 22.

The total of all divisions leaving the Roosevelt were seven members of the party, 59 Eskimos, 140 dogs and 23 sledges. By February 27 such of the Cape Colan depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were rested and double rationed and harnessed, and the sledges and other gear overhauled. Four months of northerly winds during the fall and winter instead of southerly ones, as during the previous season, led me to expect less open weather than before, but a great deal of rough ice and I was prepared to hew a road through the jagged ice, for the first hundred miles or so, and then cross the big lead.

On the last day of February, Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished this, and his division got away due north over the ice on March 1. The remainder of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I followed an hour later. The party now comprised seven members of expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to Pierce. A strong easterly wind, drifting snow, and temperature in minus marked our departure from the camp at Cape Columbia, which I had christened Crane City.

Rough ice in the first march damaged several sledges and smashed two beyond repair, the team going back to Columbia for other sledges in reserve there. We camped ten miles from Crane City. The easterly winds and

low temperature continued. On the second march we passed the British record made by Markham in May, 1876—82:20—and were stopped by open water, which had been formed by the wind after Bartlett passed.

In this march we negotiated the lead and reached Bartlett's third camp. Borup had gone back from here, but missed his way, owing to the faulting of the trail by the movement of the ice. Marvin came back also for more fuel. The wind continued forming open water all about us.

At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had stopped by a wide lake of open water. We remained here from March 4 to March 11. At noon of March 5, the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed reflections, just raised itself above the horizon for a few minutes and then disappeared. It was the first time I had seen it since October 10.

I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Borup, who should have been there for two days. Besides, they had the alcohol and oil which were indispensable for two. We concluded that they had either lost their trail or were imprisoned on an island by open water, probably the latter. Fortunately, on March 11, the lead was practicable, and leaving a note for Marvin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northwest. The sounding of the lead gave 110 fathoms.

During this march we crossed the 84th parallel and traversed a succession of just frozen leads from a few hundred yards to a mile in width. This march was really simple.

On the 14th we got free of the leads and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed us he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59 below zero.

The following morning, March 15, I sent Hansen with his division north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the program, started back to Cape Columbia. At night, Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their men and dogs, steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of anxiety as to our oil supply.

In the morning I discovered that McMillan's foot was badly frostbitten. The mishap occurred two or three days before but McMillan had said nothing about it in the hope that it would come out all right. A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him. This early loss of McMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the physique of the trained athlete, I had confidence in him for at least the 86th parallel, but there was no alternative.

The best sledges and dogs were selected and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 325 fathoms. We were over the continual shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continual shelf. On leaving the camp, the expedition comprised 16 men, 12 sledges and 100 dogs.

The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and character of going. In the latter part there were pronounced movements in the ice, and audible. Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath, and we were finally stopped by an impracticable lead opening in front of us. We camped in a temperature of 50 below. At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp mending their sledges. We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges and breaking up our damaged one for material.

The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instruction to make two forced marches to bring up our average, which had been cut down by the last two short ones.

Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A certain amount of young ice assisted in this. At the end of the tenth march, latitude 85:20, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest north. I was sorry to lose this young Yale runner, with his enthusiasm and his pluck; he had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded everyone's admiration, and would have made his father's eyes glisten.

From this point the expedition comprised 20 men, ten sledges and 70 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take sledge from here, and I put Bartlett and his division in advance to pioneer the trail.

The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together and reduced the likelihood of their being separated by the open leads.

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division Marvin and I remained with our division 24 hours and then followed. When we reached Bartlett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every 24 hours.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

At our position at the end of the second march, Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude and clear weather, which placed us at 85:48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observation.

On the next two marches, the going improved, and we covered good distances. In one other march a lead delayed us a few hours. We finally crossed on the ice cakes. The next day Bartlett let himself out and evidently for a record, and reeled off 20 miles. Here Marvin observed another satisfactory sight on latitude which gave the position as 86:38, or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi and showed that we had covered fifty minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86:14 by Nansen and the Italian record of 86:34 by Cagni. From this point Marvin turned back in command in the third supporting party. My last words to him were, "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges and 60 dogs. The condition at this camp and the apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction, reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable notes, for available condition never continued for any length of time in the Arctic region. The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour for an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle. Lying in the depressions of heavy rubber ice I came upon Bartlett and his party fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart racking of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous days. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sleds, and they were encouraged again. During the next march we traveled through a thick drifting over the ice before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the captain camped beside a wide open lead with a dense black water sky northwest north and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was aroused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs; a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos.

One of the teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water. Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice on the north side of the lead was moving around eastward, in the open water, and the side of the igloos threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos I called to the captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash when a favorable chance arrived. We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs, and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then, leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sleds, we hurried over to assist the captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged on the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice floes suffered the torment of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire.

The motion ceased, the open water closed, the atmosphere to north was cleared and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed and after them some heavy old ice; and then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges, and this gave us a straightway of six miles to the north. Then came more heavy old floes, covered with hard snow. This was a good long march.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hike. He let himself out over a series of large old floes, steadily increasing in diameter, and covered with hard snow.

During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was very solemn, and anxious to go further, but the program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead on our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain; it was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us drifting in open water, while this was closing up every lead in the open. This furnished another advantage of my supporting parties. True, by so doing it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

## Robbed of Distance by Wind.

We surmised we were on or near the 88th parallel unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all the next day. At his camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the 88th parallel. While he was gone I selected the 40 best dogs in the outfit and had them doubled, and I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the captain's

party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others, and set the Eskimos at their work.

Bartlett returned in time to take a satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained our position 87.48, and that showed continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard-earned distance.

## Bartlett Takes Observations.

Bartlett took the observations here, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance.

The observations completed, about two copies were made, one for him and the other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, one sled and 18 dogs.

When he left I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear. Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several as I had planned.

## Bettered Italian Record.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef's Land to Cagni's farthest north. I had given Bartlett this position and post of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party, and for two reasons—first, because of his magnificent handling of the Roosevelt; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annoyances on the expedition.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate in view of the magnificent British record of Arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast of having been, next to an American, nearest to the pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

## PERRY NOT FORGOTTEN

HIS GREAT BATTLE ON LAKE  
ERIE COMMEMORATED.Oliver Hazard Perry, an American  
Youngster, Defeated the English  
Fleet 96 Years Ago.

Cleveland, O.—Exactly 96 years ago on September 10 an American youngster, Oliver Hazard Perry by name, took a wallop at "Ma" England that she has never since forgotten. The episode transpired out on Lake Erie. Our coasts and borders were at stake. You can never tell. Had the battle gone against him, Clevelanders might be mailing their letters to-day with stamps bearing the portrait of Edward VII. England wanted to drive our ships from the Great Lakes. It took a Yankee officer Lieutenant to compel her pompous officers to hand over their swords. Human blood literally dyed the water red. It was a desperate struggle, one of the greatest fights in history. It saved a nation's honor and made a people's hero.

A great sheet of leaping fire bursting from the very crest of waves on the waters of Lake Erie furnished a spectacular finale to Cleveland's celebration of Perry day. The burning of temporary crib No. 2, four miles out in the lake, fascinated tens of thousands of people at night.

The immense bulk containing more than 3,000,000 feet of lumber, saturated with barrels upon barrels of oil and near gasoline, was destroyed to the water's edge while 5,000 people, in boats of every kind and class, shouted themselves hoarse. From all along the shore spectators who could not crowd onto a boat watched the wonderful illumination.

The crib, where during the construction of Cleveland's great waterworks tunnel men sacrificed their lives to the dangers of the undertaking, was a complete wreck within two hours after Vice Mayor Lapp touched it with a flaming torch.

The structure had been carefully packed with oil waste by the men supervising its demolition. Within half a minute from the time the torch was applied the flames had licked their way to the very top of the pile.

Within three minutes the crib was a crackling furnace of blistering white heat. The effect was as if the cupolas of 100 steel mills had been combined into one and transplanted onto the green waters. The heat could be felt over the water for a distance of more than 1,000 feet. Tugs and motor boats cruised around the great bonfire and then with the steamers Eastland and Lakeside, crowded to their utmost capacity, formed a naval parade about the roaring pile.

## Light Your Way.

Don't make light of life, but put light enough into it to enable you to see good roads to the end.—Exchange.

## Strange Provision of Nature.

Dumas: Most men die without creating. Not one has died without destroying.

## Likeness.

The thing that makes a man like a girl is for her to convince him he does.

## German Proverb.

Time, wind, women and fortune are ever changing.

## The Talisman.

A good heart overcomes evil fortune.—Don Quixote.